

Chapter 50 - Denying the Alpha

I felt the bed ease up a little, and I cracked one eye open. It almost made me laugh to see Kyle tiptoeing across the room like he was.

“Walk of shame, huh?” I giggle at my own joke.

“Sorry, baby, I didn't mean to wake you. Why don't you go back to sleep” he leaned over the side of the bed and kissed my forehead sweetly.

“Why don't you come back to bed” I catch him before he can pull away from me and pull him in for a real kiss.

“Horny again already, are you” he smiles wickedly at me as he stands. I notice him adjust himself. I smirk knowingly. It wasn't just me thinking about last night or all the things we could be doing to one another right now.

“How did you know.” I blushed. I was sore but in a good way, and I wanted a little more of last night. Okay, I wanted a lot more.

“Haven't you noticed?” he asked, a little surprised.

“Noticed?”

“We can feel each other. We're marked” Kyle smiles at me.

“Oh, my goddess, your right! I thought that was just my happiness I was feeling, but when I pay attention to it, I can tell what's mine and what's yours.” a happy tear sprung to my eye.

“Oh baby”, he sat quickly next to me, his thumb catching my tears as they leave my eyes.

“Why are you crying” he cooed.

“You do love me”, I sobbed like an idiot, through my tears and goofy smile.

I was overjoyed, which made his sadness that much more noticeable.

“Why are you sad” I quickly sit and wipe the last of my own tears away and reach out to him.

He drapes his arms over me and pulls me in for a cuddle.

“It just makes me sad. Sad that you are so happy to be loved because you don't see how worthy you are of it. I can sense how much you doubted that you would ever get to have that. It makes me angry because if I had to guess, I would say, you didn't feel unworthy before that crap bag, did you?” he asked.

My heart flip-flopped in my chest. I was still happy. How could I not be, but he was also stirring a bunch of feelings within me that I didn't want to feel this morning. I just wanted to bask in the glory of the mate bond a little longer. “I don't want to talk about Declan.” I sighed.

We were both quiet for a pause. I don't think either of us knew what to say. It's strange because usually, this would make me fret. I would worry and doubt myself because I would think I had done something wrong, but I can feel all the things Kyle does now. I could feel them so strongly that they painted a vivid picture for me, and I knew that I didn't have to worry. He was feeling guilty. I wish that he wouldn't, because he didn't intentionally upset me.

“I'm sorry”, he whispers. He sighs, and his sad green eyes meet mine. “I'm sorry that I spoiled the mood. I didn't mean to.”

I cupped his face with my hands and placed a sweet, gentle, tender kiss on his luscious lips.

The overwhelming sparks had dissipated from the touch of his skin, I would miss how exciting they were, but this new connection we had was so much stronger than the one that we shared before the mark. Before we marked one another, there was all this uncertainty, I felt like I loved him, but now I knew I did. The butterflies were still there, but instead of that fluttery excited feeling that I would get, it felt like they had nested, like they were home. I guess that's exactly how I felt about Kyle like he was my home. My sun, my moon and my stars.

“What are you going to do today,” Kyle asked, breaking my trance. It was probably a good thing. I could sit here and think about this man all day long.

“Can you take the day off? Introduce me to a few members? Give me some duties or something? I don't want to sit around Amy's house forever. Is your aunt still around? Would she see me? Maybe she could teach me a thing or two,” I ask, hopeful. I really was tired of just sitting around the house waiting for Kyle's attention all the time.

“When my aunt and uncle retired, they actually moved out into a small cabin deep in the woods. They are still pack members. They just aren't around that much. I can reach out to her today if you like, but I don't know how soon she will come around, and she may

be wary, considering my, well my, you know, history,” he said awkwardly. I can feel how much he detested bringing up that wretched witch. I don't blame him, I don't exactly like thinking of her either, and I didn't even know her. My shoulders sagged, feeling a little defeated. I know how busy he is. Taking care of so many wolves was such a big job, but still.

“I can't take the day off, baby. I have so much work, but I'll tell you what, why don't you come to my office with me and we will see what we can get your help with?” Now that just felt patronizing, but I was bored, so I'll take it anyway.

“Great, let me just get dressed.” I climb out of bed and grab my shirt. Only to realize two things very quickly, I used it as a rag last night, and Kyle had destroyed it.

“That's just great”, I grumble.

“What” he looks cockily at my shirt as if he's proud of his act of destruction.

I didn't feel proud. I felt embarrassed. Amy brought me this shirt, and she and Amelio didn't exactly have piles of cash lying around, and I let it get ruined.

“I'll buy you a new one”, he offers, sensing my emotions.

“You're going to use that little gift of yours a lot, aren't you?” I glare at him, but there is no malice behind it. In fact, I love it, for now.

“Here, use one of my shirts” he smiles at me, knowing full well that he managed to avoid my question.

I quickly caught the shirt he threw me and pulled it over my head. It was much too big for me, but that didn't matter so much. I just tied it off at the side. If he thought that he was ever going to get this shirt back, he should think again, it was comfortable, and it smelt like him. This shirt was mine now.

“Wait here while I get ready.”

He slipped into his cupboard and started rifling through the rows of his dress shirts. Our desert from last night was still sitting a gross clumpy mess on the bedside table, and so while I waited, I took them out to his small kitchen and began scraping out the goo into his bin. I washed the bowls and then got to cleaning up our dinner mess as well. By the time I was done, Kyle was ready to go.

“Let's go.” He offers his hand out to me, and I happily take it.

"I love wearing this shirt, but I think I'll pop back home, have a shower, and put on something I own and then come back up. Is that okay?"

I didn't see why it wouldn't be. I offered to help, and I was going to, but he wasn't except dying for the aid.

"Yeah, sure, mind link me when you are done."

"Why? Need time to sneak that mistress out of your office?" I tease.

"You better believe it", he smirks, and I smack his arm.

I walk him to his office door and share in one last passionate kiss. I can't believe how clingy I feel at the prospect of leaving him right now. I was only going home to shower.

"It's the mate bond", Kyle explains, picking up on my mood.

"I know"

"Well, you better hurry. I want you back by my side already" he was so cute.

"I love you", it felt so good to tell him.

"I love you too," he grins back at me.

I drop his hand, and with herculean effort, I turn and walk away. I have to really focus on putting one leg in front of the other. If I didn't, I would just go running back to his side, and I desperately needed a shower.